

MAGAZINE FEATURES

WHO'S TO BLAME?

By ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON.

The danger in feeding Doctrine to the young is that the greedy things are apt to swallow it whole. Youth seldom takes life in small doses.

CHAPTER NO. 3.

HIS TURN.

By Monday afternoon Fred had forgotten his problems. To be sure, his mother had confided to his father what their son had said to her on the preceding Sunday.

"I told him," she said, "that a good man ought to be specially good to a girl who wasn't quite nice. It was his duty sort of to make up to her the wrong she had suffered."

"He said," said Mr. Mason, "he paused before his dressing glass, and his two military brushes held high in both hands. Almost the pose was one of alarm. 'Fred,' he said, 'Noble doctrine, indeed! But—dangerous!'

"Not for Fred," declared Fred's mother. "Not for my son. I know him through and through."

"Doubtless," agreed Mr. Mason, a little too quickly. "Still, even Fred's mother, not made of asbestos, I wouldn't actually encourage him to play with fire, if I were you."

But "Fredie" came home Monday afternoon clear as a summer sky. He said he'd like a slab of bread and butter before he went to his room to study for awhile. Being a freshman at college is not too easy. He summited into the library the "slab" in his hand, and his head bowed low. They were so intent they didn't hear him come in. So he crept steadily up behind them before he let out a frightful whoop.

"Fredie! Mason, you're a pill!" his little sister declared. She was delighted to see him like that, and 12 years old. "Just look what you've done! You've made Elizabeth jump and get up on her feet!"

"Go, Lizzy," he began, teasingly. "I'm sorry."

"And don't you call her Lizzy!" broke in Irene. "Horrid boy! Boys are nuisances. I am a man," he informed them.

Then, "Well, I'll be darned! If they aren't making paper dolls! I say, now, who's a baby?"

Elizabeth Deane's sensitive face flushed. She was a year older than Fred, and as a crescent moon—as bound to round into fulfillment.

"I don't care, Freddie," she said. "I don't get over liking you, if you don't help it. And I love to paint."

He scarcely knew how much he liked to see that wonderful color spreading upward from her throat over her white skin.

"Little baby girls, playing with their dolls!" he teased.

His mother's voice came from the open door. "Fred," she chided, "you're not teasing the girls."

"I am!" he told her. "But I'll let 'em alone and come down you, if you'd rather. He walked with her down the hall, his arm about her waist."

"I want to really tease them, mother," he explained. "I was playing with them, really. They're just babies."

His mother laughed. "Elizabeth's only six years younger than you are," she said.

"Well, she seems perfect ages," said he. "Go, look at her hair down her back yet! You don't want me to treat Lizzy like a regular girl, do you, mother?"

His mother was laughing outright now, at some joke she seemed to share wisely with some unknown being.

"You said," she said, "as she disappeared inside her own room, 'just wait a few years, young man!'"

Potato Croquettes.

Add to one pint of mashed potatoes the yolks of two eggs, a level teaspoonful of salt, two drops of tobacco, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a grating of nutmeg, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Mix well, and form into cylinders. Dip them in an egg beaten with a tablespoonful of water, roll in bread crumbs and fry in deep, hot fat.

HEAR the LARK'S SONG on the AMPICO

ONE day a lark sang. Glinka listened and composed his famous virtuoso piece "The Lark." Balakirew arranged it and Richard Buhlig played it for the Ampico, which reproduces every trill and quaver of Buhlig's interpretation.

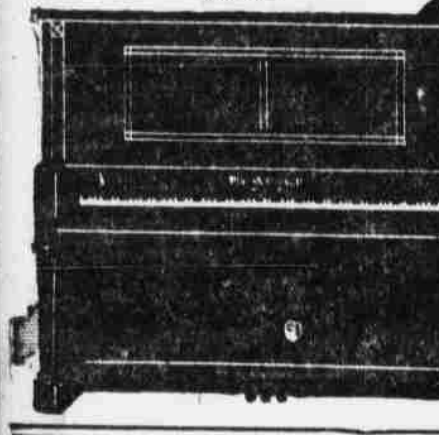
For the hour of lighter vein there are the old-time melodies, light opera transcriptions and infectious dance numbers—all reproduced exactly as played by real artists in these schools of music.

Ampico recitals daily in our salesrooms. Come and bring your musical friends.

The Ampico may be had in the Marshall & Wendell, at prices ranging from

\$225 upward. Also in the Haines Bros. and the Genuine Knabe.

Witzmann's

39-103 NORTH SECOND ST.
46 Years in Memphis.The AMPICO
the MARSHALL & WENDELL
PIANOThe next time
you buy calomel
ask for

alotabs

The purified calomel tablets that are entirely free of all sickening and salivating effects.

Medicinal virtues easily improved. Guaranteed by your druggist. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

Many Big Fortunes

Have been accumulated by regular savings. You can open an account with \$1.00 at the

Union and Planters Bank and Trust Co.

ASTHMA
INSTANTLY RELIEVED WITH

ASTHMADOR

OR MONEY REFUNDED ASK ANY DRUGGIST

Babies Who Will Have to Be "Introduced" to Their Daddies

No. 9.



JOHNFAV GORE.

The old-fashioned lullabies simply won't do for little Johnfav Gore.

She will go to sleep only to the tune of "Somewhere in France is Daddy."

"A Baby's Prayer at Twilight." Maybe this is because her daddy's been in France a long, long time, and she has never even seen him, and when a baby wants to dream about what sort of a person a soldier-daddy

will be when he comes back to get acquainted with her, "Hush-a-Boe Baby" isn't exactly up to date as a lullaby.

Little Johnfav is the four-months-old daughter of Private John E. Gore, who is now with a machine gun battalion in France.

His wife and baby are now at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Pepper, Mantie, Miss.

HOROSCOPE

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1918.

Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Good fortune is read in the configuration of the stars for today, according to astrology. The sun, Mercury and Venus are in benefic aspect. In the evening Uranus is adverse.

The safety is most promising for association with persons of prominence, as they are supposed to be pleasantly inclined toward helpful plans and kindly projects.

Visiting and entertaining are well directed during this auspicious day. It is an auspicious day for musicians, actors, authors and all who live by the word of drama and they should be able to feel the assurance that the new era is bringing them great opportunities.

Letter writing should be most lucky while this way continues. Love misadventures are supposed to be especially well directed for future happiness.

While the stars today smile on romance, women will be luckier than men. The evening is not a fortunate time for meetings.

Uranus frowns today on all cuts. It is a menacing rule for psychic investigation or mental healing.

With the beginning of the new year of 1919, it is predicted that many indications of the beginning of better conditions everywhere in the world will be apparent.

While astrologers have persistently predicted that peace would come in 1919 there may be delays and another new year may come before all the armies return to America.

It is prophesied that while many marriages between United States soldiers and foreign women will take place, there will be few Americans who desire to remain in Europe.

Ceremonials and rejoicings are prophesied for the first of the new year. When representatives of new democracies of the future will take part. Persons whose birthdays it is will have success in the coming year. They should guard against quarrels and accidents.

Children born on this day may be hasty and reckless. These subjects of Scorpio are usually extraordinarily clever and industrious. They are fairly successful in business affairs.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918. (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

According to astrology this is an unlucky day. In which caution should rule. Neptune, Saturn, Mars, Venus and the sun are all in malefic aspect.

Neptune gives warning of danger on the sea. It is most unfavorable for shipping.

Fraud is believed to be encouraged by the positing of the stars this day. Embezzlement and robbery of public funds are indicated.

There may be unfortunate influences when representatives of new democracies of the future will take part. Persons whose birthdays it is will have success in the coming year. They should guard against quarrels and accidents.

Children born on this day may be hasty and reckless. These subjects of Scorpio are usually extraordinarily clever and industrious. They are fairly successful in business affairs.

Women today should pursue routine affairs. There is a forbidding sign where their public interests are concerned.

Love affairs, especially where soldiers are concerned, are not subject to the best direction while this configuration prevails.

Women are subject to a planetary rule making for this day. It is not a good day for making plans for the future. There is an aspect making for wholesale enlistment for important duty.

During this configuration the mind should not be permitted to dwell on tender subjects. A positive attitude is necessary to prevent illness and discouragement.

There may be a few weeks in which many depressing conditions prevail, but they are merely the precursors of a new, more national awakening.

Discontent among government employees, especially those of the railway and postal service, may be prevalent, but this will be superseded by a better attitude of mind, the needs decrease, and these conditions will be a better rather a threatening omen. They should guard against deception.

Children born on this day may be quick, downhearted and difficult to manage. These subjects of Scorpio should have fine gifts.

Mock Custard. One quart milk, sealed, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, four drops lemon juice, one drop vanilla. Mix the custard to a smooth paste with a little cold milk, add the sealed milk, and cook over water till thoroughly done. Mix the other ingredients and combine with the first mixture. Cook only long enough to thicken the eggs—not more than two or three minutes.

Daily Recipes

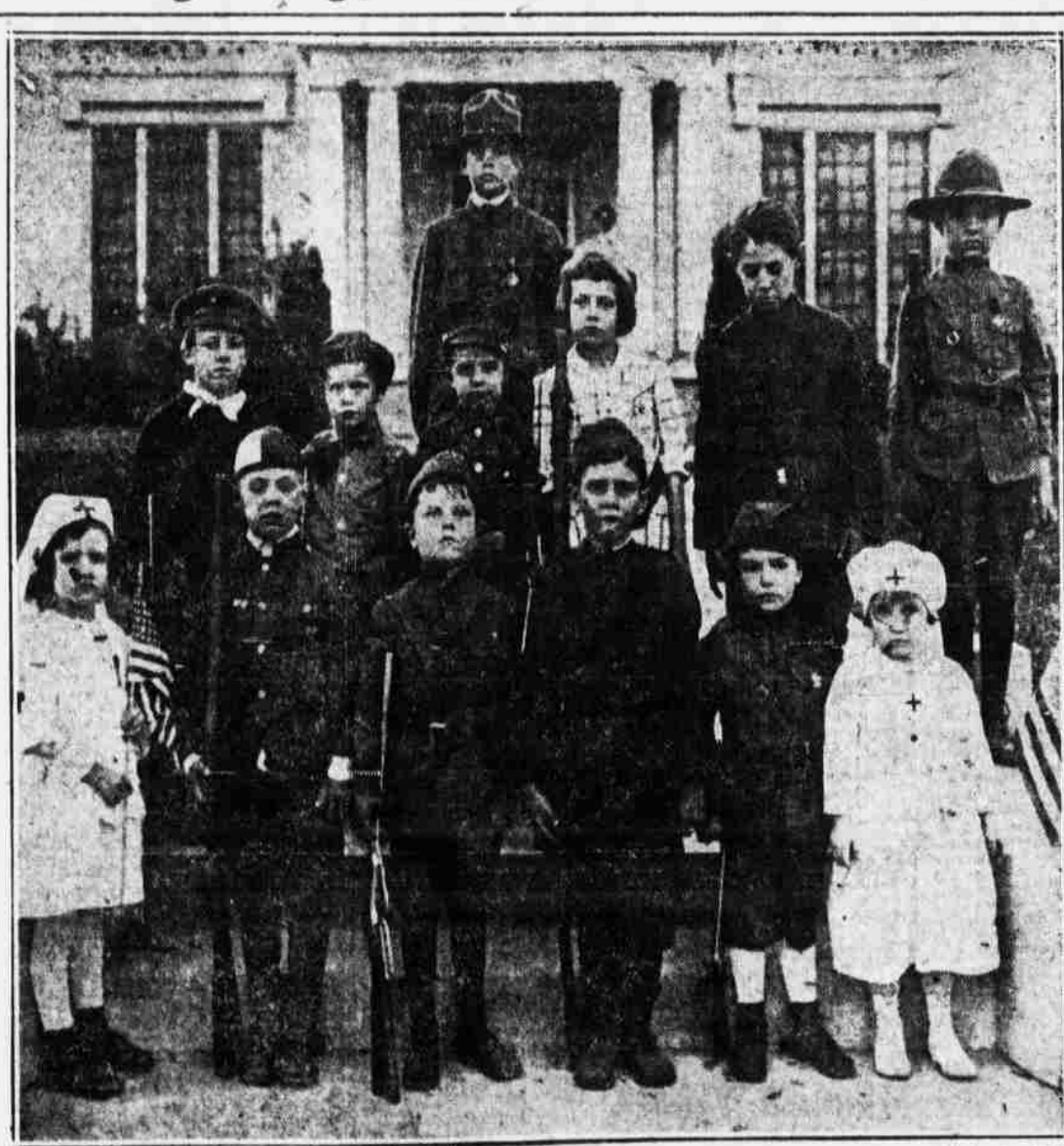
Crystal Icing.

Put one cupful of confectioner's sugar, two tablespoonfuls of boiling coffee and a teaspoonful of vanilla into a bowl. Stir until the sugar is soft enough to spread. This icing is easily made and quickly dried, giving a clear, sparkling appearance. To give it still more brilliancy, sprinkle over before it dries, granulated or crystal sugar.

Mutton Broth.

Put one quart of cold water over one pound of chopped mutton and let stand until water is very red, then slowly and let stand 10 minutes, strain and serve.

Stonewall Guards Patrol Street Every Day; Watch Their Homes



Bottom row, left to right: Adelaide Anderson, Herman Block, Jack Kelly, Arthur Lewis, Joe Anderson, Sam Seneca Anderson, Col. Henry Brown, Frank, commander.

With a well-will they went "over the top," and rushed forward.

Bang! Bang! Went the guns, and several of the brave soldiers fell on the battlefield, apparently mortally wounded.

The Red Cross nurses hurried forward and bent above them, eager to render what aid they could.

But the work of commanding the regiment was unappreciated.

"Aw, get up! You all like the Germans. It's not time to die yet. Any way, you've got to do some real fighting first," he shouted.

The young soldiers came to life again, and rushed into the fray.

Maybe the guns were just wooden imitations, with the "bang" supplied by strong young throats, but the young soldiers handled the weapons like the real thing.

It didn't make much difference if the trenches were just the trenches in a front yard, and the colonel in com-

TURK AND TEUTO

Ambassador Morgenthau's Story of Great War Plots.

By HENRY MORGENTHAU.

(Continued from Previous Issue.)

CHAPTER V.

Wangenheim Smuggles the "Goeben" and the "Breslau" Through the Dardanelles.

On August 18, I went out on a little boat to meet a small Italian ship which had just arrived from Venice. I was especially interested in this vessel because it was bringing to Constantinople my son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Wertheim, and their three little daughters.

The greeting proved even more interesting than I had expected. I found the passengers very friendly and they had witnessed, the day before, a naval engagement in the Ionian sea.

We were lucking yesterday on deck, my daughter and me. "When I saw that strange-looking vessel just above the horizon, I ran for the glasses and made out two large battleships, the first one with two queer, exotic-looking towers and the other quite an ordinary looking battleship. We watched around us and heard guns booming. Pillars of water sprang up in the air and there were many little puffs of white smoke. It took me some time to realize what it was all about, and then it burst upon me that we were actually witnessing an engagement. The ships continually shifted their position but went on and on. The two big ships turned and rushed at each other, and then apparently they changed their minds and turned back. Then the little one turned around. At first I was somewhat alarmed at this, but nothing happened.

"An Italian ship," he cried, "but not exactly up to date as a lullaby."

Little Johnfav is the four-months-old daughter of Private John E. Gore, who is now with a machine gun battalion in France.

His wife and baby are now at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Pepper, Mantie, Miss.

The old-fashioned lullabies simply won't do for little Johnfav Gore.

She will go to sleep only to the tune of "Somewhere in France is Daddy."

"A Baby's Prayer at Twilight." Maybe this is because her daddy's been in France a long, long time, and she has never even seen him, and when a baby wants to dream about what sort of a person a soldier-daddy

will be when he comes back to get acquainted with her, "Hush-a-Boe Baby" isn't exactly up to date as a lullaby.

Little Johnfav is the four-months-old daughter of Private John E. Gore, who is now with a machine gun battalion in France.

His wife and baby are now at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Pepper, Mantie, Miss.

The old-fashioned lullabies simply won't do for little Johnfav Gore.

She will go to sleep only to the tune of "Somewhere in France is Daddy."

"A Baby's Prayer at Twilight." Maybe this is because her daddy's been in France a long, long time, and she has never even seen him, and when a baby wants to dream about what sort of a person a soldier-daddy

will be when he comes back to get acquainted with her, "Hush-a-Boe Baby" isn't exactly up to date as a lullaby.

Little Johnfav is the four-months-old daughter of Private John E. Gore, who is now with a machine gun battalion in France.

His wife and baby are now at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Pepper, Mantie, Miss.

The old-fashioned lullabies simply won't do for little Johnfav Gore.

She will go to sleep only to the tune of "Somewhere in France is Daddy."

"A Baby's Prayer at Twilight." Maybe this is because her daddy's been in France a long, long time, and she has never even seen him, and when a baby wants to dream about what sort of a person a soldier-daddy

will be when he comes back to get acquainted with her, "Hush-a-Boe Baby" isn't exactly up to date as a lullaby.

Little Johnfav is the four-months-old daughter of Private John E. Gore, who is now with a machine gun battalion in France.

His wife and baby are now at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Pepper, Mantie, Miss.

The old-fashioned lullabies simply won't do for little Johnfav Gore.

She will go to sleep only to the tune of "Somewhere in France is Daddy."

"A Baby's Prayer at Twilight." Maybe this is because her daddy's been in France a long, long time, and she has never even seen him, and when a baby wants to dream about what sort of a person a soldier-daddy

will be when he comes back to get acquainted with her, "Hush-a-Boe Baby" isn't exactly up to date as a lullaby.

Little Johnfav is the four-months-old daughter of Private John E. Gore, who is now with a machine gun battalion in France.

His wife and baby are now at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Pepper, Mantie, Miss.

The old-fashioned lullabies simply won't do for little Johnfav Gore.

She will go to sleep only to the tune of "Somewhere in France is Daddy."

"A Baby's Prayer at Twilight." Maybe this is because her daddy's been in France a long, long time, and she has never even seen him, and when a baby wants to dream about what sort of a person a soldier-daddy

will be when he comes back to get acquainted with her, "Hush-a-Boe Baby" isn't exactly up to date as a lullaby.

Little Johnfav is the four-months-old daughter of Private John E. Gore, who is now with a machine gun battalion in France.

His wife and baby are now at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Pepper, Mantie, Miss.

The old-fashioned lullabies simply won't do for little Johnfav Gore.

She will go to sleep only to the tune of "Somewhere in France is Daddy."

"A Baby's Prayer at Twilight." Maybe this is because her daddy's been in France a long, long time, and she has never even seen him, and when a baby wants to dream about what sort of a person a soldier-daddy

will be when he comes back to get acquainted with her, "Hush-a-Boe Baby" isn't exactly up to date as a lullaby.

Little Johnfav is the four-months-old daughter of Private John E. Gore, who is now with a machine gun battalion in France.

His wife and baby are now at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Pepper, Mantie, Miss.

The old-fashioned lullabies simply won't do for little Johnfav Gore.

tion, the Corcovado, lay about three quarters of a mile away. Wangenheim's face was flushed and his eyes were shining; he would stride up and down the room, speaking now of a recent German victory, now giving me a little forecast of Germany's plans; and then he would stalk to the window again for another look at the Corcovado.

"Something is seriously distracting you," said Wangenheim. "I will go and come again some other time."

"No, not the ambassador, almost certainly you must stay right where you are. This will be a great day for Germany! If you will only remain for a few minutes you will hear a great piece of news—something that has the utmost bearing upon Turkey's relation to the world."

Then he rushed out on the portico and leaned over the balustrade. At the same moment I saw a little launch put out from the Corcovado toward the ambassador's dock. Wangenheim hurried down, and a moment afterward burst into the room again.

"We've won! We've won!" he shouted to me. "The Goeben and the Breslau have passed through the Dardanelles!"

He was waving the wireless message with all the enthusiasm of a college boy whose football team has won a victory. Then, momentarily checking his enthusiasm, he came up to me solemnly, humbly shook his forehead, lifted his eyebrows and said: "Of course, you understand that we have sold those ships to Turkey."

"And Admiral Souchon," he added with another wink, "will enter the straits."

Wangenheim had more than patriotic feelings at this exultation; the arrival of those ships was the greatest day in his diplomatic career. It was really the first of a long series of victories which Germany had won. For years the German fleet had been a laughing stock. The Goeben, like a man who had been beaten, had been made to show his back to the British fleet. The voyage of the Goeben had been a triumph for the Turkish cabinet for their passage through the Dardanelles, and he had directed their movements by wireless in the Mediterranean. By safely getting the Goeben and the Breslau through the straits, Wangenheim had definitely clinched Turkey as Germany's ally. All his long career, for the last three years had now finally succeeded.

I doubt if any two ships have exercised a greater influence upon history than these two German cruisers. Few of us at that time realized their great importance, but subsequent developments have fully justified Wangenheim's exuberant satisfaction.

The Goeben was a powerful battle cruiser of recent construction; the Breslau was not so large a ship, but she, like the Goeben, had a very high speed, and she was extremely serviceable in those waters. These ships had spent the few months preceding the war cruising in the Mediterranean, and when the declaration finally came they were taking on supplies at Messina. I have always regarded it as more than a coincidence that these two vessels, both of them having a greater speed than any French or English ships in the Mediterranean, should have been lying not far from Turkey when war broke out. The selection of the Goeben was particularly fortunate, as she had twice before visited the Dardanelles, and she had been in the news of the war, indicated the spirit with which the German navy began hostilities; the men broke into singing and shouting, lifted their helmets upon their shoulders, and held a real German jubilation. It is said that Admiral Souchon preserved, as a touching souvenir of this occasion, his white uniform, bearing the finger prints of his grinning sailors.

(To Be Continued.)

Rhubarb Water.

Wash one bunch of rhubarb, do not peel, cut in small pieces into a bowl, add sugar and boiling water; let stand to cool; strain and serve cold.

DAILY HOME HELPS

UNCLE WIGGLY'S BENTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE HONEY.

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Will you please pass the sugar?" politely asked Uncle Wiggly Longears of Nurse Jane Fussy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper in their hollow stump bungalow, one morning.

"I am sorry to say I will not pass any sugar," answered Miss Fussy Wuzzy.

"Why not?" Uncle Wiggly wanted to know, and he was so surprised that he almost forgot to twinkle his pink nose, which he did at nearly every breakfast. "Why will you not pass the sugar?"

"Because there is none to pass," said Nurse Jane. "You have used up your two pounds, which is all you have each month in war times, and there is no more left to sweeten your coffee or put in your sugar oatmeal."

"My goodness me, makes alive and some lollipops," cried Uncle Wiggly. "No," he went on, most sagaciously, "they have sugar in them. But can't I have any sweetening at all, Nurse Jane? Not that I take one single grain away from our soldiers," he quickly said, "but I'd like a little bit of sugar at my breakfast."

"Then see if you can get any honey," spoke Nurse Jane. "Honey is sweet, but the bees make it from flowers, and that doesn't take any of the sugar-cane sugar which we have to send to our soldiers. And pretty soon you can, Uncle Wiggly, and that will sweeten your breakfast as well as sugar—so to your sugar oatmeal!"

"I'll do it," cried the bumpy uncle. "I'll start right out and find a honey nest. Maybe they'll give me some honey to make my coffee sweet."

"Over the fields, and through the woods hopped Uncle Wiggly Longears, the bumpy rabbit gentleman, on his way to find a place where some bees had made a honey nest. And pretty soon he came to a hollow tree, from inside which came a queer, buzzing sound."

"I wonder if those bees have been asked Uncle Wiggly, and just then something burred out of a hole in the tree and burred him on the nose."

"Ouch!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "That was a bee all right."

"Oh, excuse me," buzzed the bee. "I didn't mean to do that, Uncle Wiggly. I didn't see you. I hope I didn't sting you."

"Not at all," politely said the bumpy uncle. "I am all right. You just surprised me a bit. But have you any honey—that is more than you want to live on over winter?" he asked. "I want some to make my coffee sweet."

"Yes, I have honey—lots of it," buzzed the bee. "If you want it, take it. I'll give you some to the others in the hive. 'Bring out some honey for our friend Uncle Wiggly!'"

It was the Queen Bee who spoke, and out came swarming the other bees, bringing some sweet, sticky honey, which they put in an empty morning glory flower, so the bumpy rabbit gentleman could carry it without getting all stuck up.

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Longears, as he started for his hollow stump bungalow with the honey.

Uncle Wiggly hopped on and on and pretty soon he fell tired. So he sat down on a fallen log to take a rest. And there he fell asleep. When he awakened, he was much surprised to see, sitting beside him and sort of sniffling the air, hungry like, a big bad fox.

"Oh! you have awakened, have you?" said the fox, sarcastic like. "That's good. Now you come with me."

"Where to?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"To my den," answered the fox, sassy like. And then, all of a sudden, Uncle Wiggly saw where some sticky honey had leaked out of the morning glory flower, and was spread on the log right where the fox was sitting. The fox was stuck fast to the log by the honey, only he didn't know it. He had sat right down in it.